

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write for the Children's Column. I am 12 years old. I go to school at Black Creek. My teacher's name is J. P. Hostetler. He is a good teacher. My studies are Spelling, Reading, Arithmetic and Writing. We live two miles from the Valley church of the Brethren. Stephen Hildebrand is our preacher. He is a good preacher. Papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. We had an interesting Sabbath School at the church last summer. We intend to organize again in the spring. I will close by saying: There is one thing that God cannot do. Will any of my little readers tell me what that is?

MAGGIE E. MILLER.

Champion, Pa., Feb. 4, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a little letter for the Children's Column, though it is my first attempt. I am nine years old. I go to school. My teacher's name is Julia Hardin. I have two sisters, Vivan and Mary. My pa and ma belong to the Brethren church. Bro. C. Forney preaches for us. He will move here this week. I like him very well. For fear my letter might weary your patience, I will close.

FRANKIE BEAR.

Beaver City, Neb.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a few lines for the Children's Column. I am living with my aunt. She belongs to the Brethren church and takes the EVANGELIST. I like to read the letters from the children. I am going to school now. My teacher's name is Mr. T. A. Poffenberger. My studies are History, Geography, Grammar, Spelling and Arithmetic. The Brethren dedicated their church at St. James, Dec. 26th, 1885. Rev. E. B. Shaver, was here and preached fifteen sermons. Ten were baptized and three by relation. Mr. Bowman was also present and led the singing. He also taught us music which I appreciated very much. Hope he will come again soon. Mr. J. D. McFaden is the regular preacher at St. James. We like him very much. As this is my first attempt I hope you will excuse all mistakes. I will now draw my letter to a close for this time. Hoping to see it in print. Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM FURRY.

Fairplay, Md., Jan. 31, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write for the Children's Column. I am thirteen years old. I go to school. Miss Rosa Brown, is our teacher. This is a bad day, it is raining here. We have a new church near us, it is called "Fair View Chapel." We have preaching in it every two weeks, by Bro. Rittgers. I belong to the Brethren church, and all my brothers and sisters but three. One of my brothers is dead also my father. We have Bible class in our new church, every Thursday evening. We have a children's class. Mrs. A. E. Augustine, is our teacher. I will answer George C. Carpenter's and Estella C. Sterling's questions: Where in the Bible do we find a riddle? Judges 14th, chapter 14th, verse. Where in the Bible do we find snow first mentioned? In the 51st Psalm 7th, verse. I will close by asking a question. Where is horse and rider thrown mentioned in the Bible?

Yours truly,

JOHN B. FIELD.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my second attempt to write for the Children's Column. It has been a long time since I wrote. I was 12 years old, the 24th, of Jan. I go to school. I study Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Spelling, Reading, Writing, and History. My teacher's name is Cassie Harmon. I like her very much. We had a spelling school at our school house the 30th, of Jan. I will close by asking a question. How many times is the word leather found in the Bible?

FLORENCE BLACK.

Roann, Ind., Feb. 2, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write for the Children's Column. I am nine years old. I am going to school nearly every day. My studies are Arithmetic, Grammar, Spelling, Read-

ing, Geography and Physiology. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother is fourteen and is larger than my ma. Today, Feb. 1st, is very cold. My pa and Mr. Grove are ministers of the Brethren church at Aurelia, Iowa. Dear editor, if I see this in print I may write again.

From your little friend,
GRACIE REIST.

Aurelia, Iowa., Feb. 2, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—As this is Valentine day I thought I would write you a few lines as there is no school. Our teacher had to be away on business. Mr. W. O. David, is not teaching in his room now as the measles broke up his school for a while. I had the headache yesterday and today. It may be that I am taking the measles. I was eleven years old, the 11th, of Feb. Papa gave me a dictionary and the book of Josephus complete. Uncle Andrew Sterling and wife from Johnstown, are visiting the friends here. They were here. I was glad to see them. Uncle preached yesterday at 11 o'clock in the morning and last night. Aunt Lizzie taught our class at Sabbath School. She was our teacher before she went away. We all liked her very much. If Mary Danal should read my letter I hope she will write to us, as she has not written for a long time. We are anxious to hear from her and we miss her at church very much. Inclosed you will find one dollar for the benefit of the editor. I am four feet three inches and a half high and I weigh 54 and a half pounds. Brother Voigt weighs 45 and a half pounds. I am broke out with chicken-pox today. Well, I will close for this time.

ESTELLA C. STERLING.

Masontown, Pa., Feb. 14.

Uncle Joe's Band of Hope.

Uncle Joe is still living; and although he has been quiet for a while, he has not forgotten his Band of Hope. I hope none of those who belong to the Band have become so much discouraged, by my silence, that they have gone to drinking to drown their grief or to chewing or smoking to while away their time. I would like to hear from all whose names are in my book of hope. In writing to me now, address, Uncle Joe, Lanark, Ill., box 292.

I want to tell you all that we have had a big temperance revival here. Mr. Montague did the lecturing, and Prof. Hackins sang for him. But they gave us all a chance to talk and sing and work. Over 800 signed the pledge. On last Sunday we met to organize a Band of Hope. There were a great many children, and older people, too. I could not stay to see the work completed, but I am glad that it is done, and I intend to tell our Lanark Band of Hope about our own.

Some of my little friends wrote to me about badges. I will just say that I have no badges to send, but I like the idea. It shows that they want people to know where they stand. Now I will tell you how to make a badge. Take a blue ribbon, silk is the best. Cut it in pieces four or five inches long. It should be about half an inch wide. Fold it so that it looks like a V. Pin this on your dress or vest or coat—somewhere near the heart. Put it on with the ends downward; and it will improve it by taking white silk thread for girls or ladies and red for boys or gentlemen, and working B. on one end of the ribbon and H. on the other. B. H. will stand for Band of Hope, and the colors are our national ensign colors—red, white and blue. Another very pretty and significant improvement will be the working of a star, in white or red, on the folded end. This will give our little ladies a chance to practice in letter and figure needle-work; and the little gentlemen a chance to throw in their pennies to buy the materials. I know of no other badge just like this and I know of none so pretty and so full of meaning. This is the badge of our Band of Hope, and if you cannot raise money enough to get it, just write to Uncle Joe about it.

I shall be glad to hear all the children who write letters for the EVANGELIST, saying, that they will abstain from the use of tobacco, and from intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Now, hurrah! for our Band, and send me a thousand more names.

UNCLE JOE.

OUR DEAD.

In Strasburg, Jan. 11th, 1887, at the residence of her son, W. W. Copp, Sister Mary C. Copp, wife of Bro. Geo. W. Copp, aged 55 years, 4 months and 3 days. Funeral services by Eld. E. B. Shaver assisted by Rev. L. L. Smith, of the Lutheran church.

Sister Copp's health had been declining for several years and about the first of September last, she was prostrated with a stroke of paralysis, which after repeated strokes caused her to lose the use of her left side entirely. On the evening of the 8th, of Jan.

she received a fatal stroke which rendered her unconscious, when, on the evening of the 11th, as the sun closed its light of day, Sister Copp's spirit departed from its tenement of clay and ascended to the God who gave it. Previous to her unconsciousness she expressed a desire that "Thy will oh Lord not mine be done." She was charitable towards other Christians—believing herself not the only Christian and her church not the only Christian church.

Sister Copp's maiden name was Maphis, and she was married to Bro. Geo. W. Copp in early life. She lived in Holy Matrimony for 36 years and was the mother of eight children, all of whom are living. In early life she connected herself with the Tunker church and when the test of accepting God's word only or the mandates and traditions of the elders added thereto she unhesitatingly accepted the former. Of her eight children three are members of the German Baptist church, one of the Lutheran, one of the Methodist, one of the Disciple or Christian Baptist, one of the Brethren and one of the world. What a co-mingling of names! yet may we not expect them all to meet their dear mother in the home of the Christians soul! As a wife, a mother and a friend, she was kind, loving and devoted and heavy is the stroke that falls on the father, children and church. And now may the God who protracted this unbroken family continue to watch and care for the surviving ones, and when the last one of this family is called to appear before God, may all the children meet the mother, and the husband the wife in God's eternal home; and may God give our beloved Bro., the husband, who has been a devoted Christian and a deacon in the church for a score or more years, grace that he may stand the loss of his companion with Christian fortitude, and in the end be gathered home to his companion and our God.

G. A. C.

Feb. 3rd, 1887, Ida May, wife of L. C. Stiffler, of Waterloo, Iowa, and daughter of E. S. and M. Kate Miller, formerly of Hagers-town, Md., of congestion of the brain.

CONDOLENCE.

URBANA, O., FEB. 6, 1887.

Dear Cousin Edward S. and M. Kate Miller:—

Your card containing the sad news of poor Ida's death has just reached me. My heart is in deep sympathy with you in this sad bereavement. I cannot express to you how much I feel, nor do you need it. You know and feel so keenly now that words are meaningless and all comfort fails, save that from above. Jesus alone can soothe your sorrows and pour oil, and wine into your stricken hearts.

Dear Ida, after a brief life so full of bright lights and deep dark shadows, is resting safe from any further pain in this world. This must be a great comfort, even amid the gloom and distress at her loss—her loss, ah no—of your loss. She is infinitely better off in the hands of a loving and Merciful Redeemer, than she was in this world, suffering as she did. Her's was a nature susceptible of the deepest joy and of the keenest sorrow. She knew both to excess. She had a soul that could be attuned to the fullest, sweetest harmony. She was deeply spiritual in her nature, and sensitive, and conscientiously striving to know and do the right, and it must be a great solace to your aching hearts to know this and to know that God—her Father and ours—is an all-seeing, pitying, tender loving Merciful God, and that He will measure to her, not according to man's judgment, but according to her deserts a hundred fold. God be merciful to the sweet little ones and to you. May His everlasting arms be under you is my prayer. Love to Orpha and all. Mr. Snavely expresses deep sympathy for you and sends his love. Yours in Christ,

M. ETTA SNAVELY.

FAIRPLAY, IND., FEB. 10, 1887.

Dear Nephew and Niece, E. S. and M. K. Miller:—

Your card of the 5th, inst. bringing us the sad tidings of the death of your dear daughter Ida, came to hand; and let me assure you that our heartfelt sympathies were drawn out in your behalf, for we too (in part) passed through the same kind of sorrow and heartache; but such is life. Well has an inspired pen declared, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble; he cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not." Poor Ida, the last few years of her life have been coupled with sad and bitter experiences; how often have I thought of her, and oh, how often have my feeble prayers been offered at the throne of grace and mercy in her behalf. So far as I had opportunities to learn the mental being of dear Ida, I found her a child of very sensitive, warm and confiding disposition, and needed sympathy and kindness to make her happy; but alas. Unhappy experiences coupled with her afflictions of both mind and body was more than her frail and sensitive nature could bear, and the All Wise in His attribute of mercy has relieved her of the trouble, trials and crosses of a sin-cursed world; and so has ended a dark chapter of her sweet young life. I believed Ida, to be a true hearted Christian, and although a casket has locked up her frail tenement and born it to the narrow house of the dead, and your very souls have been made to swim in tears you may raise your hearts in thankfulness to God for the fond hope that your dear Ida is now enjoying the society of the Redeemed in the Paradise of God, where all are radiant with immortal bloom and even basking in the love and light of eternal day. In the death of your dear child, though married and gone far from parents, home and consanguineous relations have been broken up, filling your hearts with deep sorrow. Yet under the outward one painful circumstance of the case may be hidden God's gracious purposes, which will be enfolded, in the sweet by and by to the honor of His wisdom and goodness. "The bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower."

My beloved fellow-pilgrims look upward to that celestial home, bathed in the perpetual sunshine of God's presence, and furnished with all that the soul can desire. Sink all your sorrow, trials and griefs in that exceeding eternal weight of glory which awaits the meeting of the finally faithful in the sanctuary above. We are in a world of change and separation, and we must fortify ourselves against these, by drawing comfort from the abode of pure spirits, from the society of the pure and holy, where the redeemed mingle in praise to swell the anthems of redeeming love in divine harmony. As certain as is your present heartaches so certain also is the coming glory. If we lose our children and not see them again in the flesh they may be still near in the sweet communion of the spirit and in a little while we will embrace them again in mansions of never ending happiness. Wishing your daughter Orpha and only child left to be a partaker of all our sympathy. I am fraternally,

V. REICHERD.

At his residence in Lee County, Ill., (Franklin Grove) Feb. 3rd, 1887, Moses W. Miller, aged 67 years. The subject of this notice was stricken down with paralysis, Oct. 23, 1885. He was twice anointed. First time Oct. 29, 1885, and again Jan. 27, 1887, after having received his second stroke of paralysis Jan. 20, 1887. Funeral took place Feb. 6, 1887, and the occasion was improved by Eld. D. Dierdorf, from Ia. 57:15. Deceased was a member of the German Baptist church. He left a family among whose honored members is Mrs. Savilla Maust, of Falls City, Neb., at whose request this notice is inserted.

E. L. Y.